Mar. Patience good sir: or here Ile cease.

Per. Nay Ile be patient: thou little knowst howe thou doest startle me to call thy selfe *Marina*.

Mar. The name was giuen mee by one that had some power, my father, and a King.

Per. How, a Kings daughter, and cald *Marina*?

Mar. You sed you would beleeue me, but not to bee a troubler of your peace, I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and bloud?
Haue you a working pulse, and are no Fairie?
Motion well, speake on, where were you borne?
And wherefore call'd *Marina*?

Mar. Call'd *Marina*, for I was borne at sea.

Plr. At sea, what mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a King, who died the minute I was borne, as my good Nurse *Licherida* hath oft deliuered weeping.

Per. O stop there a little, this is the rarest dreame
That ere dull'd sleepe did mocke sad fooles withall,
This cannot be my daughter, buried; well, where were you bred? Ile heare you more too'th bottome of your storie, and neuer interrupt you.

Mar. You scorne, beleeue me twere best I did giue ore.

Per. I will beleeue you by the syllable of what you shall deliuer; yet giue me leaue, how came you in these parts? where were you bred?

Mar. The King my father did in *Tharsus* leaue me,
Till cruel *Cleon* with his wicked wife,
Did seeke to murther me: and hauing wooed a villaine,
To attempt it, who hauing drawne to doo't,
A crew of Pirats came and rescued me,
Brought me to *Metaline*:
But good sir whither wil you haue me? why doe you weep?
It may be you thinke mee an imposture, no good fayth: I am the dsughter to King *Pericles*, if good king *Pericles* be.

Hoe

Peri. Hoe, *Hellicanus*?

Hel. Calls my Lord?

Per. Thou art a graue and noble Counseller,
Most wise, in generall, tell me if thou canst, what this mayde is, or what is like to bee, that thus hath made mee weepe.

Hel. I know not, but heres the Regent sir of *Metaline*, speakes nobly of her.

Lys. She neuer would tell her parentage,
Being demaunded, that she would sit still and weepe.

Per. Oh *Hellicanus*, strike me honored sir, giue mee a gash, put me to present paine, least this great sea of ioyes rushing vpon me, ore-beare the shores of my mortalitie, and drowne me with their sweetnesse: Oh come hither,
thou that begetst him that did thee beget,
Thou that wast borne at sea, buried at *Tharsus*,
And found at sea agen, O *Hellicanus*,
Downe on thy knees, thanke the holie Gods as loud
As thunder threatens vs; this is *Marina*.
What was thy mothers name? tell me, but that
for truth can neuer be confirm'd inough,
Though doubts did euer sleepe.

Mar. First sir, I pray what is your title?

Per. I am *Pericles* of *Tyre*; but tell mee now my
Drownd Queenes name, as in the rest you sayd,
Thou hast beene God-like perfit, the heir of kingdomes,
And an other like to *Pericles* thy father.

Ma. Is it no more to be your daughter, then to say, my mothers name was *Thaisa*? *Thaisa* was my mother, who did end the minute I began.

Pe. Now blessing on thee, rise th'art my child.
Giue me fresh garments, mine owne *Hellicanus*, shee is not dead at *Tharsus* as shee should haue beene by sauage *Cleon*; she shall tell thee all, when thou shalt kneele, and iustifie in knowledge, she is thy verie Princes; who is this?

Hel. Sir